

A good book on your shelf is a friend that turns its back on you and remains a friend.

- Anonymous

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER FINAL

Off to Khetta, at last the big day's here
Optimists all, with neither doubt nor fear.
Through the dust and heat, we were quick
on our feet
As Eau de Canal escorted us to our seats.
It was packed with everyone's brother
and sister
The Papare bands made our eardrums blister
As far away from Lord's as cricket ever goes
The sound and the sweat filled all of
our pores.
We lost the toss, but is that really news?
We practised, tried Sanga; it's no bloody use.
Sammy's grin gleamed and lit up where we sat
"OK, maan" he said, "we'll first have a bat".
Gayle, the billa, did sweet nothing in his inning
But when he fell we thought we were winning.
Their own cool time the Windies were taking
It seemed we had a Test match in the making.
When young Mendis bowled, they played
French cricket.
We thought it was worth what we paid
for the ticket.
After ten of their twenty they were
just thirty two
Then Mahela tossed the ball to you-know-who.
We were smirking "how the mighty
have fallen"
When out of history stepped a freak
called Marlon
Twenty one runs in six – quite a work-over
Wisely Mahela pulled the speed down
next over.
But wait a minute! What the ...? My God ! Aho!
He has given our man Malinga another go.
The Met department had goofed once again
It was not dainty drops but balls that rained.
One hundred and five in their second ten!
But it's OK we have eleven good men,
And we are playing at home, just hear
that roar
Play normal cricket and we'll gallop home, no?
The first over started, there was a 'zing'
and a 'splat'
Did anyone actually see Dilshan bat?
Sanga lobbed softly to a man near the pickets
A very low, slow bouncer hit Angelo's wickets.
After Mahela's cute little reverse
sweep missed
Jeevan and Thisara ran as if they were pissed.
As we started steadily going down the pallang
The Windies were dancing their
disgusting Gangnam.
Screaming "Mage ammo, what's up
with our side"
Desperate fans searched for a quick pesticide.
Should we be distraught?
Well, just a chooty bit.
"We had our game plan, just couldn't
execute it"
While our captain mouthed the ritual
"Sorry, ah!"
The Windies rubbed in chillie with that jig
from Korea
Consistency has always been our
guiding motto
Always a bit short when at the finish-photo
We once again proved what in our
hearts we knew
When it comes to Finals, Lanka's 'Number Two'
- October 2012

In search of solace

Lost in a reverie at night in a glade and then...
A curse of birth in a town
Chock a block
Doom a gloom, gloom a doom
Disturbed, perturbed, serfed and blind
Mode nistic condominiums
Emporiums and conglomerations
Emissions and fames to choke and suffocate
Rubbish and dirt every where seen
Romantic scenes breaking the nuptial knots
A dose of drugs to cap them all
In search of solace
A bee line I made
Into a glade
When the dusk enveloped the vault.
What a display! Myriads of stars umpteen
Over my head in the heaven
Twinkling and twinkling, thousands at a glance
Lying in the grass aligned to the ground
Breathed the mother nature
To the brim fule of heart.
Alas!
Ac cloud of gloom
Engulfed the bloom
Awakened to a world
Surrounded by vultures, cobras, howls, roars
and demons
Left in a lurch in my search.

PIYADAS RILLAGODA

Children love

*Enchanting appearance stage recent
Ancestral magnetic force formal
Listeners willingly spent time
Interesting valuable theories forwarded
Criticism levelled from all corners
Country face financial difficulties
Agricultural farmers face climatic dry
Educational health services
require - urgent attention
Referring educational matters children
Mentally disturb pupils very small
Considered malacious action unfit
Extremely essential guarding
young - innocent
Pure ideas rising worried heart
father - children three
Shedding tears warned negligent team
people really moved
favoring – unquestionably
Resulted majority saluted
mental – elevation*

N. H. G. SENEVIRATNE

Life

*Is a spinning wheel;
With happiness and sorrow;
Victory and defeat;
Calm and Furious situations;
Wealthy and poor;
Everyone takes his or her chance.
The wheel spins throughout life;
Lucky and unlucky;
sometimes no way;
Out of the wilds;
But a day pass; you at ease;
Some burden gone, others at ends.
It continues to twist and turn;
You feel lost; then courage lights;
Triumph your days are;
Everyday doesn't remain the same;
Happiness fills your heart;
Blowing in glad tidings.
When tranquillity comes;
Just close your eyes;
Remember God; and his will;
You feel different, ease at mind;
It's no myth;
Worries come and go.
Even happiness doesn't stay long;
Take it up as it comes;
Challenge yourself, to walk forward;
And make hay while sunshine;
Future in your hand;
Don't let the past kindle it again.*

M.N. KAIYOOM

Ember in heart

*The month of December,
Within my heart is ember.
Burning, paining in grief,
As my few loved ones, for relief,
Reached the Kingdom of God.
Now they are with Lord.
True, we are born to die,
On someone's death we cry.
Yet, if those attached so deep,
Leave us, we shall forever weep.
My cousin, uncle and
mother-in-law,
One behind the other wished to go.
Did not they think I shall feel,
The pain and suffer sans a heal.*

NAZLY CASSIM